Faith Stealer, by Graham Duff

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[Part One]

DOCTOR: Come on, Charley. I think we're almost through.
CHARLEY: Oh, I hope so, Doctor. This is doing nothing for my posture.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, are you all right there?
C'RIZZ: Hmm? Yes, Doctor. Don't worry.
CHARLEY: Oh, come on. Don't get left behind.
DOCTOR: Ah, this is our stop.
(Whoosh. Birdsong.)
CHARLEY: Oh, it's beautiful. An exotic garden run wild.
DOCTOR: Good clean air, too. Most refreshing. You know, I think we're starting to get the hang of crossing the Interzone.
C'RIZZ: I'm glad you think so. Speaking personally, I feel like I've been squashed, stretched and pummelled, and ow!
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, are you all right?
C'RIZZ: I, I'm sorry.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, you've nothing to apologise for.
C'RIZZ: What have they done?
DOCTOR: C'Rizz? (echoes)
C'RIZZ: What have they made you into?
L'DA: C'Rizz! Oh, kill me. Oh! Kill me, please!
C'RIZZ: All right. Goodbye, my love. This has to be.
(C'Rizz shoots L'Da in The Creed of the Kromon, and she screams. It fades.)
C'RIZZ: No, no, no.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, what's happening?
C'RIZZ: I don't know. I, I had to kill L'Da again. It was like I was really there, in the chamber. I could hear her screaming and screaming
DOCTOR: It's all right, it's all right. Just sit there, get your breath back.
CHARLEY: Doctor, do you think he's going to be all right?
DOCTOR: He was compelled to kill the woman he loved. Now something like that's bound to leave some psychic bruising. He needs rest and recuperation. If only we could locate the Tardis. She's nursed me back from the brink many a time.
KRO'KA: If I might make a suggestion, Doctor?
CHARLEY: Oh, Kro'Ka.
DOCTOR: You do like to sneak up into people's minds, don't you.
KRO'KA: Forgive me, Doctor, but I have an idea which may provide your friend salvation.
DOCTOR: Really? Do tell.
KRO'KA: A place not far from here. The Multihaven. An entire city run as a religious forum. Innumerable faiths have set up churches, temples and retreats. It is a place of great healing.
DOCTOR: Is it? And why should we trust your advice? Maybe we should simply stay here. It's beautiful, it's calm, relaxing.
KRO'KA: You will not stay in a garden, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, is that right? And what precisely is going to force me out?
KRO'KA: (chuckles) Why, your own curiosity, of course.

(Lots of voices. An old man is preaching.)
CARDER: I am talking of the one True Way. The Way of the Lucidians. Come to the Twenty Third Church of Lucidity. All are welcome. I, Laan Carder, promise and guarantee that Lucidity will put you in touch with life-changing energy. All the answers are waiting for you. Waiting in your dreams.

JEBDAL: (ecstatic woman) So much Lucidity. So much Lucidity.
CARDER: All are welcome. All are welcome at the Twenty Third Church of Lucidity. My assistant Jebdal has leaflets.
JEBDAL: There you go. The address is just there.
MAN: Could I have one please.
JEBDAL: There you go. The address is just there.
MAN: Brilliant.
JEBDAL: You've been most welcome.
CARDER: Come dream with me, my brothers and sisters.
JEBDAL: So much Lucidity. So much Lucidity! So much Lucidity!
CROWD: So much Lucidity. So much Lucidity.

CHARLEY: Look, Doctor. Those must be the Multihaven gates.
DOCTOR: A fabulous variety of architecture. Churches, temples, towers, spires, domes, cupolas. You know, I rather fancy a spot of sight-seeing.
C'RIZZ: We have to get inside first. There's no shortage of applicants. Look at the queues.
DOCTOR: Excuse me, guard.
ASSISTANT: I'm not a guard, I'm an assistant. The Bordinan's Assistant, in fact. You three together?
DOCTOR: Yes.
ASSISTANT: Might as well do your questionnaire now, then. Names, please.
CHARLEY: Charley Pollard.
C'RIZZ: Hello, I'm C'Rizz.
DOCTOR: And I'm the Doctor. Pleased to meet you.
ASSISTANT: Your religion?
C'RIZZ: I'm from the Foundation.
ASSISTANT: The what? Is that a church? If it's not a church, you can't come in.
C'RIZZ: I'm a monk of the Church of the Foundation.
ASSISTANT: Oh. Oh, I see. Sorry, sir. Didn't mean to be rude. Just doing my job. And you two? You worship alongside him?
CHARLEY: We're not with the Church of the Foundation, no.
DOCTOR: We're er, tourists.
ASSISTANT: Tourists. And when was the Tourist faith founded?
DOCTOR: It's not really like that.
C'RIZZ: We've just arrived here for a look around.
ASSISTANT: Do your religions require a ritual sacrifice, the drinking of blood, or any special diet?
DOCTOR: No. But you see, it isn't a religion as such. We're more
ASSISTANT: Are any of you gods?
CHARLEY: Gods?
ASSISTANT: Gods, or reincarnations of gods. Or the offspring of sacred beasts? I'm thinking of you specifically, sir.
C'RIZZ: Me? Certainly not.
ASSISTANT: Are any of you carrying gods about your person?
DOCTOR: No. I, I wonder, is all this strictly de rigueur? I mean, couldn't we just pop inside and do the form filling some other time?
ASSISTANT: Your faith and religious details must be recorded before you may enter the Multihaven.
(His Welsh accent is starting to show under stress.)
DOCTOR: Oh, very well. Charley and I are members of the Tourist faith. We worship C'Rizz, here, and we begin each day with a ritual cup of tea. Happy?
ASSISTANT: Cup of tea. Very good. If you could all sign this form, please.
DOCTOR: There you go. Tell me, if I wanted to speak to someone in charge here, who would I be looking for?
ASSISTANT: The lady I work for.
CHARLEY: Who is?
DOCTOR: Ah, the Bordinan.
ASSISTANT: Indeed. The Bordinan. At the central office. It's clearly signposted. Er, your god's looking rather faint.

CHARLEY: Our god? Oh, C'Rizz? (echoes)
C'RIZZ: What is it they made you into?
L'DA: C'Rizz, kill me. Oh, kill me, please!
C'RIZZ: All right. Goodbye, my love. This has to be.
(Weapons fire, screams. Fade back to the crowd.)
CHARLEY: C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: L'Da. I keep murdering her.
CHARLEY: Oh, C'Rizz, it's all right. That was in the past.
DOCTOR: Yes, but his guilt's very much in the present. The weight of it's crushing him.
C'RIZZ: What have I done?
CHARLEY: Doctor, his skin's changing. He's looking all earthy.
DOCTOR: Hmm, never seen him blend this strongly before. An emergency measure, perhaps?
ASSISTANT: Please, you can't leave him here. He's your god, not mine.
DOCTOR: I've no intention of leaving him here. Perhaps you could help me up with him, show us the way to this Bordinan.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, can you walk?
C'RIZZ: I think so, yes.
DOCTOR: Take my arm.
ASSISTANT: Bloody tourists. This way, please. Excuse me. Excuse us, please. Coming through. Could you just step aside, please. Thank you.

(Knocking on door.)
PARRASH: Keep me waiting, will you?
(Door opens.)
JEBDAL: Greetings. Welcome to the Twenty Third Church of Lucidity.
PARRASH: I am Bishop Parrash, head of the Kabari faith. I received a personal invite from Laan Carder.
JEBDAL: Ah, of course, Bishop. Do come in. I'm Jebdal, Laan Carder's assistant.
(Door closes.)
JEBDAL: He will join us presently. I thought I might first take you on a tour of the church. Maybe even convert you?
PARRASH: I worship Kabari. Let that be understood.
JEBDAL: Of course, Bishop.
PARRASH: Since its first appearance in the Multihaven, Kabari has become a market leader. Its versatility has made it the best selling product ever. That is why my church adopted it as our deity.
JEBDAL: Ah. Yes. What was it you worshipped before? Water?
PARRASH: Water evaporates. Kabari goes on forever. Kabari fulfills our every need. It has a hundred different applications. It may be worn as a hat, it may be rubbed on your chest to prevent
JEBDAL: I am familiar with the hundred uses of Kabari, and I admit it is a household miracle. But what about your spiritual needs?
PARRASH: Who says a religion has to have a spiritual dimension? My faith is about practicalities.
JEBDAL: Come. Let me show you something.
(A cloth is moved. Small objects are clinked together.)
JEBDAL: These are our most sacred relics.
PARRASH: What are they? Diamonds? Quartz?
JEBDAL: Lucid Crystals. Like desert roses unearthed from the sleeping mind, collected in holy harvest.
PARRASH: What are you talking about?
JEBDAL: Laan Carder brought these crystals back from the dreams of our disciples.
PARRASH: Huh. Brought back from dreams? But that's impossible.
JEBDAL: No. Lucidity made them tangible, and belief made them real.

(Knock on door, then opening.)
ASSISTANT: Excuse me, Bordinan. I'm terribly sorry, but I have er, some pilgrims seeking an audience.
BORDINAN: Bring them in.
(Footsteps.)
BORDINAN: Welcome. Do come in. Thank you. You can go now.
ASSISTANT: Bordinan.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Hello. I'm the Doctor, this is Charley.
CHARLEY: Hello.
DOCTOR: And the sickly looking chap is C'Rizz.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, how are you feeling?
C'RIZZ: My head aches.
CHARLEY: Oh, sit here.
BORDINAN: He matches my furnishings.
DOCTOR: Yes, in his current state he can match most things. I understand you are in charge here, Bordinan.
BORDINAN: No one is in charge of the Multihaven. I monitor the balance of beliefs. I actively encourage the diversity of faiths which make up the city, as all Bordinan are sworn to do.
DOCTOR: Tell me, whose idea was all this?
BORDINAN: I don't follow.
DOCTOR: The Multihaven. Surely a place like this couldn't just spring up.
BORDINAN: If we are to believe the legends, Doctor, that is precisely what did happen. Two children met in the desert and began to argue who worshipped the correct god. Their argument continued for many days. Others arrived and joined the debate, and members of increasingly diverse religions began to appear.
CHARLEY: Just like that.
BORDINAN: If we are to believe the legends. A shanty town sprang up, a place where contrasting beliefs could co-exist. Today, the Multihaven's population is in the region of six thousand. And as of today, we can boast forty seven different practicing religions. The most recent additions being the Microbaptists, the Children of Vorpidandam, the Tourists. A cup of tea? Interesting.
CHARLEY: Er, what about conflict? Inter-religion disturbances?
BORDINAN: There is no conflict.
CHARLEY: Oh, that's rather hard to believe.
DOCTOR: Quite. It's almost unheard of for two opposing faiths to peacefully co-exist, never mind forty seven.
BORDINAN: By entering the Multihaven, you are accepting that you and your faith are just one amongst many. Besides, a fair number of our citizens are open to er, conversion.
CHARLEY: So it's in the religious leaders interests to maintain a sense of healthy competition.
BORDINAN: Oh, quite. The balance of faiths is in constant flux.
(Rustle of papers.)
BORDINAN: Converting is brisk at the moment. The Temple of the Ever Open Door, the Kabarians, the Divine Gas, all the major religions are looking buoyant.
CHARLEY: It's like some kind of spiritual stock exchange.
DOCTOR: Bordinan, our friend here has been traumatised.
C'RIZZ: Oh, I'm all right now.
DOCTOR: Sit down.
BORDINAN: Traumatised?
DOCTOR: He needs peace, tranquillity, calm. A retreat from the pressures of life. And I thought, as Bordinan, you might be able to point us in the right direction.

JEBDAL: Now, Bishop Parrash, may I show you our Lucid windows?
PARRASH: Look here. I came her for an audience with Laan Carder, not some tour of your windows. I'm a busy Bishop, madam, and as such I do have other appointments.

(Door opens and closes.)
JEBDAL: Ah, your prayers have been answered.
CARDER: Greetings, Bishop.
JEBDAL: Bishop Parrash, allow me to introduce our guru, Laan Carder.
PARRASH: Carder.
CARDER: Oh please, Bishop, call me Laan. So kind of you to visit our dear little church.
PARRASH: Not so little. The fastest growing religion in the Multihaven, isn't that what they say?
CARDER: The Church of Lucidity welcomes all. And in the end, all shall come.
JEBDAL: Ours is a pure religion.
PARRASH: Pure. Ha. But all around me I can see Kabari.
CARDER: Kabari? We might paper our walls with it and stuff our cushions with it, but we don't worship it.
PARRASH: Kabari is divine.
CARDER: It's not divine, it's handy. Whereas Lucidianism can put you in touch with life-changing energy. You really ought to try it. You'd look most refined in our scarlet robes.
PARRASH: I think not.
CARDER: At least let me show you around our Lucidity Accumulator.
PARRASH: Your what?
CARDER: The Lucidity Accumulator is the focus of all our work here at the church.
PARRASH: But it's just a cabinet. An old clothing cubicle or something, isn't it? Badly charred, too.
(Door opens with a slight creak.)
CARDER: Please. step inside.
PARRASH: What is this, a conjuring trick?
CARDER: Don't worry, Bishop. I shall join you.
(Door closes.)
CARDER: There.
PARRASH: What are we doing in here?
(Machinery starts up.)
PARRASH: It's, it's a corridor. But, but we were in a wardrobe.
CARDER: At first, yes. The Lucidity Accumulator has developed a flexible landscape, with innumerable proportions and moods.
PARRASH: Moods? What's, what's in here?
CARDER: The stuff of dreams.
PARRASH: Huh.
CARDER: Come on. This way. (distant) Come on.
PARRASH: Wait! Hey, Carder. Damn him. Damn all Lucidians. (footsteps) Carder!

(Lots of voices.)
BORDINAN: This way, Doctor. Not far now.
DOCTOR: It's very gracious of you to show us around personally, Bordinan.
BORDINAN: Oh, nonsense. The view from behind a desk can be somewhat restricted.
MAN: Three prophecies for a drachma. All subjects covered.
BORDINAN: I believe it's important to get about the Multihaven as much as possible. See the changes firsthand.
CHARLEY: The changes?
BORDINAN: Conversion swings mean that things can alter swiftly here. Major religions can decline and fall whilst new religions can very quickly gain momentum.
MAN 2: Join the Tourists, and in our Touring we shall find other places. Join the Tourists. C'Rizz be praised.
DOCTOR: Hmm, I see what you mean.
C'RIZZ: But I'm not of the Tourists, I'm from the Foundation.
CHARLEY: Take it as flattery.

DOCTOR: Hardly. If you're experiencing mental strain, the last thing you need is someone giving you a god complex.
C'RIZZ: Is it always this hectic?
BORDINAN: Oh, the Multihaven has its quiet places too. This is the Square of Revelations, one of the busiest areas. All the major religions have premises here.
DOCTOR: It's all rather overwhelming, isn't it, especially if you're feeling vulnerable. (sotto) Charley, keep an eye on C'Rizz, will you?
CHARLEY: Of course, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Tell me, Bordinan, do you have any trouble with cults preying on the vulnerable?
BORDINAN: That is what cults do.
DOCTOR: And you don't try to stop them?
BORDINAN: It's not *my* place to question the choice of others.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, joining a cult isn't always a matter of choice, is it?
BORDINAN: Nothing is allowed to get out of hand. But for those who have, well, believed too much, there's always the De-faith Centre. Ah, here we are. The Temple of the Bakoan.
DOCTOR: Beautiful building.
BORDINAN: The Bakoan are perhaps the most gentle people in the whole city.
CHARLEY: The temple wall, it's vibrating. Feel.
DOCTOR: It's not vibrating, it's reverberating.
CHARLEY: Pardon me. I stand corrected.
DOCTOR: The whole building is reverberating in the key of G.
BORDINAN: Come inside, Doctor. I'm sure you'll find the Bakoan most fascinating.

C'RIZZ: It's so tranquil in here.
(Voices wordlessly making music.)
DOCTOR: Tell me, who's the Hymn in praise of?
BORDINAN: Ah, the Hymn is in praise of the Hymn.
CHARLEY: Music that appreciates itself?
BORDINAN: The Hymn is their god. The Bakoan Hymn never ends. The Bakoan keep it alive like a sacred flame.
DOCTOR: Useful, I suppose. Deity and ditty in one.
BORDINAN: You seem unimpressed, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Well, when you've met as many gods as I have, there's a tendency to become a shade blasé. Although I will admit this god does have quite a nice rhythm to it.

PARRASH: Carder, come on. A joke's a joke. Where are you? Where am I? Carder! I have to get back. I'm lunching with the Bordinan. We're having Kabari.
(A crackling energy noise.)
PARRASH: Hello?
(The crackling gets closer.)
PARRASH: Carder! What's going on? What is it?

BAKOAN: Bordinan, it is an honour to welcome you and your guests into our temple. Will you join us in song?
BORDINAN: Not today, basso profondo. But I have brought you some interested parties.
BAKOAN: Welcome.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
CHARLEY: Er, did you say basso profondo?
BAKOAN: We are assigned names in relation to the part we play in the Hymn we sing.
C'RIZZ: This isn't going to work. I can't sing.
BAKOAN: Participation is not necessary. Simply stay and listen a while.
BORDINAN: The Bakoan Hymn resonates at a sequence of frequencies which

are said to heal broken minds.
C'RIZZ: And do they?
BAKOAN: The attentive listener may use the Hymn to enter a trance state which purifies the mind.
DOCTOR: Intriguing. I've come across something similar before on the planet Diva. They have this drinking song which is itself the intoxicant. No alcohol required.
CHARLEY: And have you sung it?
DOCTOR: I had a swift verse. But this, this is in an entirely different league. Bordinan, can you assure me that this process is safe?
BORDINAN: Quite safe. Trust me, Doctor. Your young friend will almost certainly benefit from a retreat here.
DOCTOR: I see. Well, C'Rizz, it's up to you.
C'RIZZ: Well, it's quite soothing here.
CHARLEY: Then why don't you stay for a bit. We can collect you later, can't we, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Excellent idea. What do you say, C'Rizz?

PARRASH: Help! No, the light, it's too bright.
(A gentle female voice speaks.)
MIRACULITE [OC]: Bishop Parrash, come unto me.
PARRASH: It's too bright. Please. Argh!

(Outside.)
CHARLEY: I hope C'Rizz is going to be all right. He seems a bit disorientated.
DOCTOR: Don't worry, Charley, From what the Bordinan says, it sounds like he couldn't be in safer hands.
BORDINAN: Indeed. Now, if you'll permit me, I must take my leave. I have an appointment with Bishop Parrash, and he hates to be kept waiting.
DOCTOR: Thank you for all your help, Bordinan. I look forward to talking with you again very soon.
BORDINAN: Doctor, Charley, bless you both.
CHARLEY: Goodbye.
DOCTOR: Interesting woman.
CHARLEY: Yes. But I'm not so sure about this place.
DOCTOR: The Multihaven? Let me guess. You think it debases the whole notion of spirituality.
CHARLEY: More than a tad. Don't you?
DOCTOR: It's just another experiment, Charley. Take pure strains of several religions, place in a neutral solution, and observe.
CHARLEY: But what's the point? What are the Divergents expecting to see?
DOCTOR: Well, I'm presuming their intention wasn't to create a theological hypermarket, so maybe it's some bizarre kind of entertainment.
CHARLEY: Entertainment?
DOCTOR: A Circus Maximus, perhaps, with the survival of the holiest. Who knows?

BAKOAN: Now, C'Rizz, are you sure you won't join us in song?
C'RIZZ: No. I told you, I can't sing. Look, I'm having second thoughts about this.
BAKOAN: Please lie down here. Please?
C'RIZZ: Oh, very well.
BAKOAN: Listen to the Hymn, Listen closely. Can you hear the bells?
C'RIZZ: Yes.
BAKOAN: Listen closer. Can you hear the highest voices?
C'RIZZ: Yes.
BAKOAN: Listen closer. Can you hear the deepest voices?
C'RIZZ: Yes.
BAKOAN: Let the Hymn reverberate within you. Let it heal your spirit.

BORDINAN: Where has the fellow got to?
(Intercom buzz.)
BORDINAN: I don't suppose there's any word from Bishop Parrash, is there?
ASSISTANT [OC]: I'm afraid not, Bordinan.
BORDINAN: Hmm. Most odd. There are few people more punctual or officious than Bishop Parrash. Have you checked with his office?
ASSISTANT [OC]: Yes, madam. They couldn't help. The Bishop just seems to have disappeared. Could it be a miracle, madam?
BORDINAN: Possibly. Possibly.

MIRACULITE [OC]: Please, Bishop Parrash. You must not struggle.
PARRASH: You're, you're in my mind. These doors.
MIRACULITE [OC]: The less you fight it, the better it feels.
PARRASH: What? What are you?
MIRACULITE [OC]: I am Miraculite, and all shall live in me.
PARRASH: Argh!

(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Well, I think I've had about all I can take of the Square of Revelations. Listen, Doctor, what was all that stuff C'Rizz said about the Church of the Foundation? Has he mentioned that to you before?
DOCTOR: No. But then C'Rizz can be quite a secretive fellow. And I certainly knew he was a monk. But I never really asked about his faith. I suppose that was rather rude of us.
CHARLEY: Us?
DOCTOR: All right, me. Maybe we need to have a chat one night, get him to open up a tad.
CHARLEY: It's funny, he's normally quite chatty, but I just realised we actually know very little about him. His past. What shall we do, get him drunk? That usually works.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, in the meantime, how about seeking out one of those quiet places the Bordinan mentioned.
(Tardis engines.)
DOCTOR: Hey!
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: Didn't you hear it?
CHARLEY: Hear what?
DOCTOR: The Tardis!
CHARLEY: The Tardis?
DOCTOR: It sounded like the Tardis. I heard it materialise.
CHARLEY: Are you sure? How far away?
DOCTOR: Somewhere over there, I think.
CHARLEY: Well, I can't see anything.
DOCTOR: Let's take a look.
(Running.)
DOCTOR: I'm certain it came from over here.
CHARLEY: But we'd be able to see her if she were here.
DOCTOR: Unless.
CHARLEY: Unless?
DOCTOR: Unless her chameleon circuit has started functioning again. Who knows how the restrictions of this universe might be affecting her.
CHARLEY: Well, if that's the case, then the Tardis could be
DOCTOR: Yes, she could be disguised as just about anything. That shrine over there, that obelisk, that redemption vending machine, anything.
CHARLEY: Doctor, didn't you once say you had a Tardis locator?
DOCTOR: Um, er, well yes, I do, but I left it in the Tardis.
CHARLEY: In the Tardis. What good is it there?
DOCTOR: Yes, Charley, I made a mistake. It does happen. I am not completely without my flaws, you know. I'd hope they added to my natural charm.
(Tardis engines.)

DOCTOR: Sounds like she's dematerialising.
CHARLEY: Oh, I don't understand. Nothing's disappeared. Nothing's changed. What is the Tardis up to?
DOCTOR: More to the point, who is controlling her?

BAKOAN: C'Rizz, you will rejoin us now.
C'RIZZ: (waking up) Hmm? Oh, er, yes.
BAKOAN: Your spirit feels refreshed?
C'RIZZ: Yes. Yes, I feel rested. Mmm, yes. Calmer. More er, well, peaceful, I suppose.
BAKOAN: You must listen again, but you must listen deeper.
C'RIZZ: All right.
BAKOAN: Listen again. Listen deeper.
C'RIZZ: Deeper. Yes.
BAKOAN: Listen again. Listen deeper.
C'RIZZ: Yes.
BAKOAN: Let the Hymn reverberate within you. Let it heal your spirit.
(Door slam.)
BAKOAN: May I help you?
CARDER: I am Laan Carder, leader of the Lucidians, and this is my flock.
BAKOAN: (panicking) Wait, please. You'll disrupt the Hymn. There's too many of you.
CARDER: And there shall be more. You shall join us. You shall dream the dream.
BAKOAN: We?
CARDER: All the Bakoans shall join us. This is your chance to be converted.
BAKOAN: You'd better get your people out of here. This young man is at a crucial stage in his meditation.
CARDER: Behold Miraculite.
(Gasps from the Lucidians.)
BAKOAN: What is it?
CARDER: It is a ball of Miraculite energy. It came to me in a dream and I have brought it back from the world of sleep to share with you all. You must prepare a leap of faith.
(Crackle of energy. C'Rizz gasps in pain.)
BAKOAN: C'Rizz! C'Rizz, are you all right? C'Rizz, you will rejoin us now. You will rejoin us.
CARDER: So much Lucidity.
BAKOAN: C'Rizz! What have you done to him? I can't bring him back. C'Rizz! C'Rizz! (echoes)
L'DA: C'Rizz? C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: L'Da? Is that you?
L'DA: C'Rizz, what have they done? What have they made you into?
C'RIZZ: Kill me. Kill me. Please!
L'DA: (crying) All right. Goodbye, my love. This has to be.
(Weapons fire. C'Rizz screams.)

[Part Two]

(Hubbub of voices.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, what's going on? Why are we just hearing the Tardis?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. I suppose it's possible that the orientation core
(Tardis engines.)
DOCTOR: She's back. There's something wrong with her. The Tardis isn't entirely here.
CHARLEY: Well, I can see that. Or rather, I can't see it. Do you mean she's lodged between dimensions?
DOCTOR: Not exactly.
(Tardis engines.)

CHARLEY: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh!
CHARLEY: What is it?
DOCTOR: Well, can't you hear it? Everything is out of phase. She's calling out to me, crying for help.
CHARLEY: Doctor, are you all right?
DOCTOR: It's okay. I'll be all right in a moment.
CHARLEY: Are you sure?
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes. But something's terribly wrong. It's, it's the strangest feeling. Almost like the Tardis has died, and now she's come back to haunt me.

ASSISTANT [OC]: A hundred and sixty six new pilgrims admitted to the Multihaven this day. Six applications for asylum accepted, forty denied.
BORDINAN: I see. Any other matters?
ASSISTANT [OC]: Nothing important, Bordinan. A few unsubstantiated miracles. A priest appeared to wear two hats, a statue produced real mucus, something shimmered. The usual.
BORDINAN: If and when the miracles are substantiated, issue the standard certificates. And what our friends, the Lucidians?
ASSISTANT [OC]: I'll just check, Bordinan. Looks like another rash of conversions have been registered in the central sector. Oh.
BORDINAN: What is it?
ASSISTANT [OC]: Well, Bordinan, provisional indicators suggest something in the region of one thousand converts.
BORDINAN: One thousand? Good lords! Who were these converts?
ASSISTANT [OC]: Full reports aren't in yet, Bordinan, but as far as I can tell the converts mainly seem to have been Kabarians.
BORDINAN: Kabarians?
ASSISTANT [OC]: There may be a few Microbaptists in there as well, but they don't always show up.
BORDINAN: I *am* surprised. Sales of Kabari itself have been incredibly high of late. By the way, any news of Bishop Parrash?
ASSISTANT [OC]: Not a sign of His Holiness, madam.
BORDINAN: Hmm. Little wonder the Kabarians are in disarray. No spiritual leader to guide them. Perhaps Laan Carder's converted the Bishop himself?

C'RIZZ: I'm dead. I'm dead. This is all there is now. This is it. I killed and so I was killed. I'm dead. This is all I ever deserved, anyway.

(Beep.)
ASSISTANT [OC]: Some visitors to see you, Bordinan.
BORDINAN: Send them through.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Bordinan.
BORDINAN: Doctor!
(Door closes.)
BORDINAN: Miss Pollard. I didn't anticipate seeing you again so soon. I trust you've taken spiritual nourishment from the Multihaven?
DOCTOR: Well, we've had a bit of a poke around.
CHARLEY: Beautiful variety of architecture.
BORDINAN: Ah, yes. The Multihaven has many hidden treasures.
DOCTOR: Quite. And it seems possible that it may have hidden away a treasure of mine.
BORDINAN: Doctor?
DOCTOR: A blue oblong box, approximately five by five by nine, small windows, light on top?
CHARLEY: We keep hearing it, but we can't see it.
BORDINAN: Yet you know what it looks like.
DOCTOR: We've seen it before.

BORDINAN: Ah. It's a recurring miracle.
DOCTOR: An intermittent fault, most likely.
CHARLEY: Its contents are precious.
BORDINAN: Of course. It's your shrine?
CHARLEY: More of a vehicle.
DOCTOR: Bordinan, if my Tardis is here, I must locate it.
BORDINAN: All I can really do is issue a description and ask for sightings to be reported.
CHARLEY: Perhaps we could ask one of these cults to look into their crystal ball. Heaven knows how many leaflets I've been handed. There's almost enough paper here to make a new tree.
BORDINAN: Tree? What do you mean?
CHARLEY: You know, trees, where paper comes from.
BORDINAN: Paper comes from the paper drawer, worshipped by the sacred paper people.
DOCTOR: Yes, but before the paper got into the paper drawer, where did it come from?
BORDINAN: Only the sacred paper people know that.
CHARLEY: And what about this lot? The Lucidians, answers found in dreams. Sounds rather romantic. Fetching scarlet robes, too.
BORDINAN: I should avoid the Lucidians, if I were you.
DOCTOR: Oh, strictly for the lunatic fringe?
BORDINAN: I wish that were true. Lucidianism may be a recent phenomenon, but it's the fastest growing religion in the Multihaven.
CHARLEY: So what have they got the other religions don't have?
BORDINAN: Their leader, a wise old man by the name of Laan Carder. Adept at minor miracles. Magic tricks, if you ask me. He's very charismatic, very charming, very convincing. Apparently he's the only one whose ever seen Miraculite.
DOCTOR: Miraculite?
BORDINAN: The Lucidian god. A vision of incandescent light, so he claims.
DOCTOR: And what kind of carrot does this Laan Carder dangle?
BORDINAN: Carrot?
DOCTOR: Yes, what is he promising his flock? There's always a carrot.
BORDINAN: The Lucidians believe that the power of dreams can be used to reshape reality, and change the future.
CHARLEY: What rot.
DOCTOR: Not necessarily, Charley. Dreams are a very sophisticated phenomenon. Creatures who dream a great deal while in the womb can fend for themselves almost as they're born. Calves and foals, for instance. Whereas lifeforms who dream very little in the womb are born helpless.
CHARLEY: And from this we know what?
DOCTOR: Well, I'm only postulating, Charley, but I've always thought that dreams might simply be rehearsals for potential future realities.
CHARLEY: So the calves and foals are sitting in the womb, dreaming up their futures?
BORDINAN: It is an interesting thought, Doctor.
CHARLEY: That's as may be, but you'd have a hard job proving it.
BORDINAN: Of course, you could say a dream is merely an electrical discharge.
DOCTOR: Well, even that is a form of power, Bordinan. And a thing I've noticed about power is that it's ever so abuser friendly.

CARDER: Awake, my brother. Your dream is over.
C'RIZZ: Hmm? (wakes) Who are you people? I thought I was in a temple.
CARDER: Do not distress yourself. Remain calm. You're safe here. What is your name?
C'RIZZ: Er, C'Rizz.
JEBDAL: Welcome, C'Rizz. Here.
C'RIZZ: Thank you.
CARDER: Welcome to the Twenty Third Church of Lucidity.

(C'Rizz splutters on a drink.)
C'RIZZ: I died.
CARDER: (laughs) No. Just a dream, my friend. Just a harmless dream.
JEBDAL: (sotto) Can't tell if he's awake or dreaming.
CARDER: (sotto) Alive or dead.
C'RIZZ: Where's the Doctor?
CARDER: You don't need a doctor. You just need care and attention.
JEBDAL: From attentive carers.
C'RIZZ: Oh, I've been so, well, confused. So full of self-doubt and self-loathing.
CARDER: What troubles you, my friend?
C'RIZZ: I er, I killed L'Da. I had to, she was being. Well, she was suffering. She was in great pain.
JEBDAL: Well then, you acted out of compassion.
C'RIZZ: I thought I did, but I don't know any more. Maybe I killed her out of fear. Maybe I just panicked.
CARDER: You still ended her suffering.
C'RIZZ: But I keep killing her. In my dreams I kill her again and again. Even when I'm awake I just keep reliving that moment. I think I might be going insane.
CARDER: Can you stand?
C'RIZZ: I think so.
CARDER: Come along, then. Let's see you. It's fortunate we found you.
C'RIZZ: Oh? Is it?
CARDER: Most certainly. We have the means to heal you.
C'RIZZ: I thought I was being healed. The Hymn. I was with the Bakoan. They were singing to me.
CARDER: The Bakoan cannot help you, but the Lucidians can. Of course, I can't force you. It's up to you. Do you want to be cured?
C'RIZZ: I can't very well stay as I am. I'll try anything.
CARDER: Very well. Then join us, and you shall be reborn, ready to dream the Lucidian dream.
JEBDAL: This way please.
(Footsteps. Door opens.)
CARDER: Let me help you into the Lucidity Accumulator.
C'RIZZ: Er, what is it?
CARDER: It is your salvation.
C'RIZZ: Er, I'm not sure.
CARDER: Only the frightened have anything to fear. Are you frightened, C'Rizz?

DOCTOR: Now the Bakoan temple should be just down here, if memory serves, but then you know me, Charley, terrible sense of direction.
CHARLEY: What? Doctor, you have an infallible sense of direction.
DOCTOR: Have I? Er, well, I suppose so. I er, I don't know what it is, but I keep doubting myself. Questioning my abilities, replaying past mistakes, mistakes from centuries ago.
CHARLEY: It's called depression, Doctor. Everyone gets it from time to time. I've been feeling a little low of late myself.
DOCTOR: It's not like me at all. Ah, here we are.
CHARLEY: Told you. Nose like a bloodhound.
DOCTOR: The temple, it's been completely redecorated!
CHARLEY: Well, that's one way of putting it. What a multicoloured mess. Looks like they've grabbed a few pots of whatever was handy and just threw it over the temple.
DOCTOR: Yes. I hope C'Rizz is. Shh, shh. Listen.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: The Hymn. It's stopped.
CHARLEY: I thought it never stopped. Kept alive like a sacred flame, the Bordinan said.
DOCTOR: Exactly, Charley, so either the Bakoan are no longer in residence, or someone's snuffed out their flame. Let's pop in and find out, shall we?
(Door creaks open.)

CHARLEY: Look out for the ladder!
(Thump, crash.)
DOCTOR: My dear fellow, I'm so sorry. I didn't see you there.
SERENDIPITIST: Not to worry, It was an accident. Whoops.
DOCTOR: Let me help you up.
SERENDIPITIST: Thank you.
CHARLEY: Did you hurt your head?
SERENDIPITIST: Yes. What a blessing.
CHARLEY: A blessing?
SERENDIPITIST: Of course. This is the Shrine of Serendipity.
CHARLEY: Oh, you worship happy accidents.
SERENDIPITIST: All accidents are happy. We revel in chaos for its own sake.
DOCTOR: Revel in anything too long and you're bound to come unstuck eventually.
SERENDIPITIST: I do so hope you're right.
DOCTOR: We came to collect a friend, C'Rizz. I don't suppose he's here?
SERENDIPITIST: No.
CHARLEY: Didn't this used to be the Bakoan temple?
SERENDIPITIST: Not any more, Whoops be praised.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
SERENDIPITIST: Our lord Whoops, the Great Neglector. As he neglects, so shall he dislodge. Whoops!
CHARLEY: Oh, excuse me.
SERENDIPITIST 2: Welcome. Do stay. Today is the feast of Shambali, although I forgot to watch the stoves so the feast's a bit burnt. Whoops be praised.
(More sounds of crashes and cries of whoops! in the background.)
DOCTOR: The Bakoan, where might I find them?
SERENDIPITIST: Mmm, I don't know. They just left.
SERENDIPITIST 2: The temple was abandoned when we arrived.
DOCTOR: I see. Well, goodbye. Thank you for all your help.
SERENDIPITIST: May your way be strewn with obstacles.
CHARLEY: Thank you so much.
SERENDIPITIST: Goodbye. Oh, er, don't mind your head on the way out.
DOCTOR: (distant) What? Ow!
SERENDIPITISTS: Whoops!

CARDER: Our young friend C'Rizz is making excellent progress inside the Accumulator.
JEBDAL: How can you tell?
CARDER: I am in communion with the Accumulator.
JEBDAL: When will he meet Miraculite?
CARDER: Soon. Soon.
JEBDAL: Why did we not put him in the Hall of Dreams with the others?
CARDER: Because this one's mind is so very bruised. So full of doubt, confusion, guilt. Rich soil indeed. Miraculite finds certain minds useful for other purposes.
JEBDAL: But we will be able to help him?
CARDER: We can do better than help him. We can transform him!
JEBDAL: Master, if it's not heresy to enquire, where did the Accumulator come from?
CARDER: Come from? The exterior, as you can see, is simply an old clothing cabinet. I discovered it in a burnt out house.
JEBDAL: But inside?
CARDER: Inside I have stored the energy from every Lucid crystal donated by our disciples. Inside is a realm of pure Miraculite.

(Slow footsteps.)
C'RIZZ: Hello? Hello? (echoes) Well, I don't know where this is. Can't even remember how I got in here.
(Sob.)

C'RIZZ: Hello? Who's there?
(Sobs.)
C'RIZZ: Hello?
PARRASH: Oh, who are you?
C'RIZZ: My name's C'Rizz. I wonder if you could tell me the way out of here?
(Bishop Parrash is terrified.)
PARRASH: I, I am Bishop Parrash. I wasn't crying.
C'RIZZ: Of course not.
PARRASH: I, I've been delayed. I'm supposed to be eating Kabari with the Bordinan. But I, I'm stuck here. And now you're here.
C'RIZZ: Yes. Anybody else in here?
PARRASH: I don't know. I, I was scared. I'm a Bishop.
C'RIZZ: You said. You don't happen to know the way out of here, do you?
PARRASH: The way out? It's only a cabinet.
C'RIZZ: Right. Well, let's try this direction.
PARRASH: No!
C'RIZZ: What?
PARRASH: Not that way. That's where the (sotto) the light is.
C'RIZZ: Light? Well, come on, then. When trapped in an enclosed environment, you should always head towards the light.
PARRASH: No! It, it pulled a diamond out of my head.
C'RIZZ: What? What's wrong with you? Look, we have to try to get out of this place. Look, this is the direction I'm heading in. Either come with me or stay here on your own.
PARRASH: Wait. I'll go. I'll come.
C'RIZZ: Good. Let's stick together.
(Footsteps.)
PARRASH: You, you won't let them hurt the Bishop, will you?
C'RIZZ: No. Pull yourself together.
PARRASH: I, I am a Bishop.
C'RIZZ: I know.

CHARLEY: I don't understand. Why would the Bakoan just shut up shop like that? And why didn't C'Rizz leave a message?
DOCTOR: Well, they wouldn't do, would they. He would have, wouldn't he. Yet it appears they did and he didn't. I wonder why?
CHARLEY: This place is enormous. C'Rizz could be anywhere.
DOCTOR: At least it's not so busy now. Not much recruiting going on.
CHARLEY: Perhaps everyone's been recruited.
DOCTOR: Hey look, this is interesting. The Church of Kabari, closed. The Microbaptists, closed. The Temple of the Ever Open Door, closed. Now why might that be?
CHARLEY: Religious holiday?
DOCTOR: Or hostile takeover. Look at these posters.
CHARLEY: This site absorbed into the Church of Lucidity.
DOCTOR: You know, I think someone wants to turn the Multihaven into a Monohaven.
(Voices and breaking glass.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, it sounds like a riot.
DOCTOR: Yes, doesn't it.

PARRASH: C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Now what?
PARRASH: Can, can we turn back?
C'RIZZ: I told you, no.
PARRASH: Oh. C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: Oh, what?
PARRASH: May the Bishop ask a question?
C'RIZZ: Is it to do with turning back?
PARRASH: No!

C'RIZZ: All right.
PARRASH: Can we? Uh oh.
C'RIZZ: What?
PARRASH: It is to do with turning back. Can we turn back now?
C'RIZZ: No!
PARRASH: Oh.
C'RIZZ: Look, it's light, coming from around the next corner.
PARRASH: The Bishop wants to go back!
C'RIZZ: Come on. Ah, it's too bright.
PARRASH: I told you, but you wouldn't listen to the Bishop.
C'RIZZ: Oh, what is it?
(That crackling energy noise again.)
MIRACULITE: What do you see?
C'RIZZ: Light. A wall of bright light.
MIRACULITE: I am Miraculite, and all shall live in me.

(The riot is getting closer.)
CHARLEY: Oh, come on, Doctor. They'll be here any second. We'd better get going.
DOCTOR: But what's happening? I thought this was supposed to be a place without conflict.
CHARLEY: Could it be a day outing from the Shrine of Serendipity?
DOCTOR: No, they're Lucidians. See the robes?
CHARLEY: Not that I've seen many to compare it with, but this is like a very odd riot.
DOCTOR: I know exactly what you mean, Charley. No real dynamic to it. No anger, no indignation, no looting. This riot's a shambles.
CHARLEY: They're not so much rioting as stumbling around in a bad mood. It's like they're half asleep.
DOCTOR: Yes, or half awake.
CHARLEY: And what's the difference?
DOCTOR: Well, these people look sleep deprived to me, or more specifically, REM deprived. Come on, let's slip down here.
CHARLEY: REM what?
DOCTOR: Dream sleep, Charley. Dream sleep. The period of sleep when the unconscious does its filing.
CHARLEY: Something's been keeping them awake at night, so now they're all tetchy? I still think they're over-reacting.
DOCTOR: They're not just tetchy, Charley. Rob someone of dream sleep for long enough and you'll rob them of their sanity.
CHARLEY: But surely they'll be all right eventually? They'll get some of this REM sleep again sometime. I mean, they'll have to, won't they?
DOCTOR: And what if they can't? What if all that's left for them is a staggering daze and dreamless sleep? What then?

MIRACULITE: Come unto the light.
PARRASH: No! Don't listen!
MIRACULITE: Come unto the light, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: I
PARRASH: The Bishop wants to go. Please!
MIRACULITE: Hush now.
(Parrash screams as energy crackles.)
C'RIZZ: Bishop! He's gone.
MIRACULITE: His spirit is mine now. But if you come unto me, C'Rizz. If you come unto the light, you will be reborn.

(Beep.)
BORDINAN: Yes?
ASSISTANT: Laan Carder to see you, Bordinan.

BORDINAN: Really? Send him in.
(Door opens.)
CARDER: Bordinan.
(Door closes.)
BORDINAN: Laan Carder. This is an unexpected (pause) visit.
CARDER: Forgive me for not making an appointment, but I imagine the purpose of my visit is obvious.
BORDINAN: Obvious? Not to me, no. Unless you've come to apply for an exit visa, in which case I'll have one stamped up immediately.
CARDER: Diversity of faith was an interesting experiment, but it has become an irrelevance.
BORDINAN: (laughs) An irrelevance, is it? Such arrogance.
CARDER: The Church of Kabari has folded. All the other main religions are about to follow. Nearly half of the Multihaven's population have already converted to Lucidianism. You know where this is leading as well as I do.
BORDINAN: Domination?
CARDER: Total harmony. Total Lucidity.
BORDINAN: It'll never happen, Carder. I've seen conversion swings like this before. Remember when Kabari first came on market? And what about the Spoon? Thousands converted, before they realised it was just a spoon.
CARDER: When I convert them, they stay converted.
BORDINAN: You can't seriously imagine you're the first religious leader who's flounced in here claiming the city to be theirs?
CARDER: Mark my words, Bordinan. The old way shall be swept aside for good. How much better to bow out now, dignity intact, and avoid any unpleasantries.
BORDINAN: Are you threatening me?
CARDER: Come, come, Bordinan. We're both adults. Of course I'm threatening you.

CHARLEY: Oh Doctor, wait. Please, let's sit down a moment. My feet are killing me.
DOCTOR: Sorry, Charley. I do like to set a pace.
CHARLEY: Oh. Well, we're well away from the rioters now.
DOCTOR: I know. I'm not worried about them. My mind was more occupied with thoughts of locating C'Rizz.
CHARLEY: Perhaps the Bordinan could organise a search for him?
DOCTOR: I wouldn't hold out too much hope of that, Charley. She hasn't exactly sent out an all points bulletin on the Tardis, has she. Anyway, we don't need a search. It's obvious where C'Rizz is. He's joined the swelling ranks of the Lucidians.
(Tardis engines.)
CHARLEY: The Tardis!
DOCTOR: Right. You rest here a moment. I'll go and see her.
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor.
DOCTOR: (distant) Wait there. I have to do this alone.
CHARLEY: Bye, Doctor. Oh for a hot bath and warm towels. My goodness, it's C'Rizz. Hey, C'Rizz!
(Footsteps.)
C'RIZZ: Is that you?
CHARLEY: Oh, C'Rizz, thank goodness. We were so. What is it?
C'RIZZ: It is you. Oh, L'Da.
CHARLEY: Are you sleepwalking?
C'RIZZ: L'Da? What have they done? What have they made you into?
CHARLEY: Charley. I'm Charley? Charlotte Pollard, remember?
C'RIZZ: Charlotte Pollard?
CHARLEY: Yes. The Doctor's not far away. He'll be ever so pleased to see you.
C'RIZZ: I saw the light, Charlotte.
CHARLEY: You did what?
C'RIZZ: I saw the light.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, that's enough.

C'RIZZ: I want you to see it, Charlotte. You must. Oh, you must see the light.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: So much Lucidity!
CHARLEY: Get off me! Stop it!
C'RIZZ: Goodbye, my love. This has to be.
(Charley is choking.)
CHARLEY: Can't breathe.
C'RIZZ: It's a miracle.

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: Charley! C'Rizz!
(Thump. Charley gasps for breath.)
DOCTOR: Charley, are you all right?
CHARLEY: Oh, I will be. What's wrong with him?
DOCTOR: He's unconscious.
CHARLEY: Oh, very funny. I meant before that.
DOCTOR: A surfeit of religious zeal, I'd say.
CHARLEY: Oh, how did you do that, by the way.
DOCTOR: Old Venusian aikido jab. Bit rusty, haven't used for a while. In fact, I think I've hurt my hand. Ow, ow!

(Door opens and shuts.)
JEBDAL: Oh, Master Carder, I wasn't expecting you yet. How was your meeting with the Bordinan?
CARDER: The Bordinan is a fool.
JEBDAL: Did she agree to your terms?
CARDER: She did not, and she shall come to regret that. Mark my words, Jebdal.

(Door slides open.)
GARFOLT: Bordinan. Welcome to the Defaith Centre.
(Door slides shut.)
GARFOLT: An honour to see you again, madam.
BORDINAN: Bless you, Garfolt. Doctor, this is my good friend Garfolt. He's director of the Defaith Centre, and our Head of Mental Affairs.
GARFOLT: Greetings, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Director, a pleasure.
GARFOLT: How may I be of service, Bordinan?
BORDINAN: Oh, Doctor, perhaps you should explain.
DOCTOR: Well, you might just be able to help me. I have a friend
GARFOLT: A friend? I see.
DOCTOR: Seriously, Director. His name is C'Rizz. Come over to the window. I'll point him out. He's in your grounds somewhere. Um, ah, there, see? In the boat on the lake.
GARFOLT: Ah. I see. Curious looking creature.
DOCTOR: He's very confused. He's been through an unfortunate series of experiences. To begin, he killed his lover.
GARFOLT: Did he indeed.
DOCTOR: A mercy killing. I've come to believe he did the right thing.
GARFOLT: Hmm. The young woman with him, who's she?
DOCTOR: Charley, another friend.
GARFOLT: And what's wrong with her?
DOCTOR: Nothing.
GARFOLT: Pity.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz's inability to contain his sense of guilt has left him open to unsavoury influences.
BORDINAN: The Lucidians.
GARFOLT: (laughs) Those charlatans. I don't wish to speak out of turn,

Bordinan, but were I in your position I would have the Lucidians banned from the Multihaven.
BORDINAN: The situation is under constant review.
GARFOLT: What about these sleep riots?
BORDINAN: A passing fad.
DOCTOR: No, I've seen them. Those rioters aren't responsible for their actions. They're more of a danger to themselves than to others.
GARFOLT: I agree. We've had several cases admitted already.
DOCTOR: And have you been able to help them? (silence) Well?
GARFOLT: No. They're not like the others we get in here. They're not just mired in dogma. Their minds, they're burnt out.
BORDINAN: Burnt out?
GARFOLT: Eyes that have stared directly into the suns will never function normally again. I fear the same may be true here.
DOCTOR: And what about C'Rizz?
GARFOLT: That depends. How much exposure has he had to Carder's nonsense?
DOCTOR: I couldn't say for sure. I think he spent a while at the Twenty Third Church.
GARFOLT: Has he mentioned the Hall of Dreams?
DOCTOR: The Hall of Dreams? No, I don't believe so. What is it?
GARFOLT: The sleep rioters mutter about it, but we can't get anything more out of them. Let me put it like this. Does he act like himself, or does he act like a soulless mannequin?
DOCTOR: He certainly has his mannequin moments. Brief periods when he doesn't seem to know what he's doing. But then there's other occasions when
BORDINAN: What is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I was going to say there's occasions when he seems perfectly lucid.

C'RIZZ: Charlotte, I wish you'd let me row.
CHARLEY: No. You relax.
C'RIZZ: I don't know what you must think of me.
CHARLEY: I think you're a good friend whose going through a difficult time. I also think you're a good friend who seems to enjoy trying to throttle me. That's the second time in as many weeks.
C'RIZZ: Don't make fun of me, please.
CHARLEY: Hey, I'm not. Not really. But if we can't laugh at things like this
C'RIZZ: I'm just glad the Doctor arrive when he did.
CHARLEY: Look, let's not worry about it any more. Please?
C'RIZZ: I tried to kill you.
CHARLEY: I can't pretend you didn't frighten me, but you've not been yourself. It's little wonder. You've been through so much.
C'RIZZ: We've all been through a lot, and you more so, from what I can make out. But you're not going around strangling everybody.
CHARLEY: I'm tempted to start if you don't stop going on about it.
C'RIZZ: Sorry.
CHARLEY: What happened after we left you with the Bakoans?
C'RIZZ: Well, I was listening to the Hymn, and I think I must have fallen asleep. Or maybe it was a trance. I came to in a, I think it was a different church. Oh, they wanted to help. They were so kind. They were so concerned. So much Lucidity.
CHARLEY: What does that mean?
C'RIZZ: It all made sense then. They showed me something. It was in a cabinet. A cabinet that went on for ever. Oh, maybe it was a dream.
CHARLEY: You'll be all right, honestly. You'll recover. You just need time.
C'RIZZ: Time? Great. I need something, and I don't even understand what it is.

GARFOLT: From what you've told me, Doctor, I feel confident the Defaith Centre will be able to help your friend. Like all our guests, he has believed too much, so we shall empty him out. Just sign here, here, and here, but not there.

DOCTOR: Wait a minute. Empty him out?
GARFOLT: A figure of speech. If you prefer, we shall give him back to himself.
BORDINAN: I assure you, Doctor, Garfolt is a very gifted psychic masseur. The Defaith Centre has an impeccable record.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, that's what you said about the Bakoan.
BORDINAN: It was not the Bakoan's fault.
DOCTOR: I know. I know.
GARFOLT: I shall work out a plan of treatments straight away. I think a harsh regime to begin, don't you?
DOCTOR: No, listen, I should be most grateful if you'd allow C'Rizz to stay here to convalesce, but nothing more. I don't want him to receive any treatment.
GARFOLT: What if I were to just attach a few
DOCTOR: No treatment. Rest, and only rest.
GARFOLT: Pity. We've just had some exciting new equipment installed.
DOCTOR: No treatment. Is that understood?
GARFOLT: As you wish, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Good. And in the meantime, I think I might take a little pilgrimage to the Twenty Third Church of Lucidity.

JEBDAL: This way, please. My name is Jebdal. I shall look after you during your stay at the Twenty Third Church.
(Doors open.)
JEBDAL: Now, right through there, please. There's room for everyone. Just find an empty pallet and make yourself comfortable. I shall join you presently.
(Doors close.)
CARDER: Ah, Jebdal. More converts?
JEBDAL: More are arriving regularly, Master Carder.
CARDER: So much Lucidity.
JEBDAL: So much Lucidity.
CARDER: Soon the entire Multihaven will have converted to Lucidianism.
JEBDAL: Ah, it's a wonderful thought, but surely that can never really happen.
CARDER: Of course. It shall happen very soon. Come, walk with me.
JEBDAL: But surely there will always be non-believers?
CARDER: Why?
JEBDAL: Is it not the way of things?
CARDER: The way of things is not immutable. We are showing people a new way, the one True Way.
JEBDAL: I know, Master. It's just that
CARDER: Do you doubt me?
JEBDAL: Far from it. I was merely
CARDER: Good. Now, if you'll excuse me, I must commune with Miraculite.

C'RIZZ: Really, Garfolt, is it?
GARFOLT: Please, C'Rizz. Call me Director.
C'RIZZ: Director, I'm perfectly capable of walking.
GARFOLT: No, I prefer to wheel you along.
C'RIZZ: It's no trouble to walk.
GARFOLT: It's no trouble to wheel. Please, sit back. Rest. The Doctor gave explicit instructions. You're to have lots of rest. And lots of treatment.
C'RIZZ: S-sorry, treatment? What kind of treatment?
GARFOLT: The Doctor wasn't specific. He left it up to me. Whatever I think is best.
C'RIZZ: He said that?
GARFOLT: I'm saying that.
C'RIZZ: I thought I was just here to convalesce.
GARFOLT: No. You're very easily confused, aren't you. Just through here.
(Doors slide open.)
C'RIZZ: What happens in here?
GARFOLT: Treatment.
(Doors slide shut.)

GARFOLT: It's the treatment room.
C'RIZZ: What's all this equipment?
GARFOLT: This equipment will be the making of you.

CHARLEY: Are you sure about this, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Charley, trust me.
(Knocks on door.)
CHARLEY: But offering ourselves up to the Church of Lucidity itself, isn't that just a tiny bit
DOCTOR: Charley, sometimes in a situation like this, you have to climb into the belly of the beast and swim around in the gastric acids.
CHARLEY: Oh. Well, I am very easily digested, thank you, and I don't like it.
(The door is being unbolted.)
DOCTOR: Eyes and teeth, Charley. Eyes and teeth.
(Door creaks open.)
JEBDAL: Greetings. Welcome to the Twenty Third Church of Lucidity. I'm Jebdal. Please, enter.
DOCTOR: Hello there, I'm the Doctor, this is Charley Pollard.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Now, we are in the market for a new faith, and we've been hearing ever such good things about Lucidianism.
JEBDAL: No doubt. And what is your current faith?
CHARLEY: We're Tourists, C'Rizz be praised.
JEBDAL: But you're looking to convert?
DOCTOR: Well, that depends.
JEBDAL: On?
DOCTOR: On the carrot.
JEBDAL: Carrot?
DOCTOR: What you can offer us.
CHARLEY: We do have three other churches to look at.
DOCTOR: I hear you can perform miracles. Could you do one for us now?
JEBDAL: Oh, no. I have no authority for miracles.
CHARLEY: Please?
JEBDAL: No.
DOCTOR: Shame. I do enjoy the miraculous. What's in here?
(Opens door, jingle of small things.)
JEBDAL: Please, be careful.
CHARLEY: Rough cut diamonds?
DOCTOR: I don't think so.
JEBDAL: Doctor, could you please
DOCTOR: Diamonds are hard, but a little pressure and you can
(Plink!)
DOCTOR: Completely crush these. Even the dust melts away to nothing. (blows) See?
JEBDAL: Do you mind? The Lucid crystals are our most sacred relics.
DOCTOR: And here's me atomising one like it never existed.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: I do apologise. Could we see him?
JEBDAL: Who?
DOCTOR: Laan Carder. Am I saying that right?
JEBDAL: Yes.
DOCTOR: Good. When can we see him?
JEBDAL: You can't. He's not available.
DOCTOR: Now that is a shame.
CHARLEY: Won't you show us around, Miss Jebdal?
DOCTOR: You may convert us yet.
JEBDAL: Yes, of course. Come this way. And don't touch anything.
CHARLEY: I must say, your church is very nicely appointed.
JEBDAL: It is known as the Twenty Third Church because it is the twenty third

church to have been absorbed into the Lucidian faith. The building itself is constructed entirely

GARFOLT: Now, C'Rizz, let's get you properly hooked up to the monitor. I'll just slip a few more electrodes round the back of your head. Good.
C'RIZZ: How long will this take?
GARFOLT: Not long. Now, let me just patch myself into the monitor. There.
(Hum of machine.)
GARFOLT: Now I can see the contents of your mind.
C'RIZZ: Really?
GARFOLT: Mmm. If I turn the monitor around, you'll be able to see it too. All right, see that there? That dark patch? That's your anxiety level. See that? This throbbing patch here is your guilt.
C'RIZZ: Big, isn't it. Is that normal?
GARFOLT: Oh no. It's what we call a grotesquely distended remorse node. But with a little work we should be able to taper that off for you. Now, this here is where your self-worth would normally be.
C'RIZZ: There's not a lot going on, is there.
GARFOLT: There's nothing going on at all.
C'RIZZ: What about all these little patches around the edge. What are they?
GARFOLT: Memory clusters, mainly. Some background radiation. Now, if you're ready, I'm going to ask you a few questions.
C'RIZZ: What about?
GARFOLT: Oh, some are general, some are more (pause) personal. Helps me establish your mind's interconnectivity levels. Nothing to worry about. Shall we begin?
C'RIZZ: Yes, all right.
GARFOLT: Good. Now, how did it feel to take your lover's life?

(Footsteps.)
JEBDAL: Well, Doctor, can I say you'll be converting to Lucidianism?
DOCTOR: It's probably best if you don't, Jebdal, for the sake of accuracy.
CHARLEY: What's through here?
JEBDAL: Er, that is the Hall of Dreams.
DOCTOR: Is it? May we?
JEBDAL: Er, very well. But tread lightly if you will.
(Door opens and closes. They speak in whispers.)
JEBDAL: These are our disciples.
DOCTOR: Impressive. You must have over three hundred disciples in here.
JEBDAL: All are welcome to worship.
CHARLEY: Worship? These people aren't worshipping, they're sleeping.
JEBDAL: They are in deep meditation.
DOCTOR: Meditate any deeper, they'll get bed sores.
JEBDAL: Shh! Each night, a new wave of disciples dream the same dream. And in that dream, they see a vision.
CHARLEY: A vision of what?
JEBDAL: Ah, that would be telling. True revelation cannot be experienced at second hand. Alas.
(Door opens and closes. They speak normally.)
JEBDAL: Only through the true vision can you attain sacred Lucidity, and thereby shape your own destiny. I look forward to joining them myself.
DOCTOR: Joining them. You mean you haven't dreamed the dream yourself?
JEBDAL: Not yet.
CHARLEY: Surely you're not frightened?
JEBDAL: Frightened? Of course not.
DOCTOR: Then what precisely is holding you back?
JEBDAL: It is my duty to help others in their conversion before helping myself.
CHARLEY: Very noble, I'm sure.
JEBDAL: And when my work is done, Laan Carder himself will present me unto Miraculite.

CHARLEY: And in the meantime, anything could be happening to those dreamers in there, and you're just taking Laan Carder at his word.
DOCTOR: Belief without proof, Charley. The foundation of all faiths.
JEBDAL: I have proof.
DOCTOR: Really? How exciting.
JEBDAL: The Lucid crystals?
DOCTOR: Oh yes, of course. Tell me again. Where exactly do they come from?
JEBDAL: They are desert roses unearthed from the sleeping mind.
DOCTOR: Don't tell me what you believe. Tell me what you've seen. What you personally have witnessed.
JEBDAL: The dreamers produce them.
CHARLEY: The dreamers? What do you mean? How do they produce them?
JEBDAL: When they experience the vision, a small aperture appears in the forehead. The crystals are birthed through there.
CHARLEY: Oh!
DOCTOR: Birthed?
JEBDAL: At first they seem alive. They burn with light, crackle with energy.
CHARLEY: And then what happens to them?
JEBDAL: Well, Laan Carder takes them into the accumulator, presents them to Miraculite. When he returns, they have become crystalline.
DOCTOR: Don't you see, Jebdal? Those crystals are just husks. You are venerating the empty chrysalis after the butterfly has flown.

MIRACULITE: Welcome, Laan Carder.
CARDER: So much Lucidity.
MIRACULITE: Why do you shield your face?
CARDER: I dare not look upon you. You are too bright for mine eyen.
MIRACULITE: Not for your eyes, Carder. Look.
CARDER: Ah.
MIRACULITE: See?
CARDER: So much Lucidity. So much Lucidity! So much
MIRACULITE: Silence! Listen unto me, Carder. You have served our faith well, but the moment of the final harvest approacheth. Are you equal to the task?
CARDER: Yes, of course. Whatever you bid, so shall it be.
MIRACULITE: Good. Then come unto me, Laan Carder.
(Crackles of energy.)

GARFOLT: Tell me, C'Rizz, when were you last truly happy?
C'RIZZ: I don't know. I can't remember. Not recently.
GARFOLT: Which is best, solid or stolid?
C'RIZZ: I'm sorry, which is?
GARFOLT: Which is best, solid or stolid?
C'RIZZ: Er, solid?
GARFOLT: Don't ask me, tell me.
C'RIZZ: Er, solid.
GARFOLT: Hmm. Do you know you've started to blend in with your chair?
C'RIZZ: What?
GARFOLT: Your skin tone, it's changed. You want to blend in. Why?
C'RIZZ: Well, it's not an unnatural urge, surely?
GARFOLT: Most people can't wait to get out of here. You seem to be settling in for a long stay.
C'RIZZ: I thought I was here to be cured.
GARFOLT: And that is exactly what we are doing. The questioning is designed to provoke certain responses, to open up your neural pathways.
C'RIZZ: And then what?
GARFOLT: Then we shall cleanse your mind.
C'RIZZ: Cleanse it?
GARFOLT: We will remove all your guilt, all your self-doubt, all that repressive dogma the Lucidians have pumped into you.
C'RIZZ: And how do you propose to do that?

GARFOLT: With this.
(Whirring sound.)
C'RIZZ: Oh what, what is it?
GARFOLT: This is the Optimind Probe 300, our newest piece of equipment. Only used it once or twice before. Very accurate. It zones in on any undesirable mental accretions.
C'RIZZ: And then what?
GARFOLT: It erases them. Your mind will be bleached clean.
C'RIZZ: But is it safe? It might give me brain damage.
GARFOLT: Not a chance.
C'RIZZ: How do you know?
GARFOLT: Nobody's come back and complained so far.
C'RIZZ: Or maybe they can't. Perhaps that's one of the side effects of having your brain bleached. No, I'm sorry, but I can't go through with this.
GARFOLT: Please, C'Rizz, just sit still and let the restraints do their work. Now, shall we?
(Whirring sound grows as C'Rizz struggles.)

CHARLEY: Doctor, I know I'm missing something. What's going on here?
DOCTOR: It's a confidence trick, Charley.
JEBDAL: That's ridiculous!
DOCTOR: All right then, a scam masquerading as a religion.
CHARLEY: The Lucidians are tricking people out of their minds?
DOCTOR: No, no, something far more precious.
JEBDAL: What are you saying, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Come on, Jebdal, wake up. Carder's using you, like he uses everybody, leeching their energy for his own ends.
JEBDAL: No. I have personally witnessed Laan Carder perform many miracles. And what about the Hall of Dreams? I've seen the calmness that can descend on troubled souls.
DOCTOR: Yes, I've seen the calmness. It's remarkable how unworried one can be when one doesn't have a mind to worry with.

ASSISTANT [OC]: Reports are coming in of more sleep riots in the northern, eastern and central sectors, Bordinan. And apparently the Shrine of Serendipity was accidentally razed to the ground.
BORDINAN: Really? I imagine they were overjoyed.
ASSISTANT [OC]: There was dancing in the streets, madam.
BORDINAN: Hmm. Right then, all things considered, I think we'd better call a meeting of representatives of all the major religions.
ASSISTANT [OC]: I'm sorry, Bordinan, but there aren't any major religions left. All that remains are the smaller cults and alternative faiths.
BORDINAN: Oh. I see. Cancel that, then. I
ASSISTANT [OC]: With respect, Bordinan, might it now be appropriate to expel the Lucidians?
BORDINAN: Expel them? Never. You know as well as I do that all are equal here.
ASSISTANT [OC]: I realise that, madam, but isn't it dangerous to allow them to continue
BORDINAN: I'll tell you what's dangerous. Excluding some religions in favour of others. Making value judgments. Imposing restrictions. As soon as we do these things, we betray the very meaning of the Multihaven's existence.
ASSISTANT [OC]: But surely, if everybody converts to Lucidianism, that also betrays the meaning of the Multihaven.
BORDINAN: I shall not intervene. Trust me. Eventually the tide will turn. It must.

(Energy crackles.)
MIRACULITE: Go now, Laan Carder. You know what you have to do.
CARDER: Yes. Every last citizen must take their place in the Hall of Dreams.

MIRACULITE: Yes. Blessed are the dreamers, for their final harvest approaches.
CARDER: So much Lucidity.
MIRACULITE: And one more thing. There is someone I would have you bring directly unto me.
CARDER: Of course. Who?
MIRACULITE: He is called the Doctor. He was here in the church until a few moments ago. His brain pattern is different to the others of this zone.
CARDER: Different how?
MIRACULITE: His mental energy is astonishing. His mind contains the dreams of several lives. When I absorb his lucid energy, my power will be infinitely increased.

(Riot noises in the distance.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, where are we going?
DOCTOR: Isn't it obvious? We're going to the Central Office. If there's one person who can curb this chaos, it's the Bordinan.
CHARLEY: So isn't there a tiny part of you that just wants to grab C'Rizz, track down the Tardis, and leave them all to it?
DOCTOR: Well, I don't think that that's entirely possible.
CHARLEY: Your sense of moral responsibility, eh?
DOCTOR: No, it's not that. It's the Tardis,
CHARLEY: What do you mean? What happened when you went to the Tardis and left me to be strangled by C'Rizz?
DOCTOR: I witnessed my worst nightmare, Charley.
CHARLEY: What was it?
DOCTOR: I've been waiting for the right moment to tell you, but the way things have been shaping up it doesn't seem like there's going to be a right moment. When I left you, I followed the sound of the Tardis. She was always just ahead of me, but I couldn't reach her. Then suddenly I rounded a corner and there she was, her temporal boundaries wildly out of phase, her chameleon circuit working on overdrive, her shape constantly shifting. Police box, Doric column, steam engine, TV set, coffin, and then. And then
(Memory of an explosion.)
CHARLEY: And then?
DOCTOR: I saw the Tardis shatter into infinite shards.
CHARLEY: No!
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: The Divergents. A trick. Or the Kro'Ka, perhaps.
DOCTOR: I don't know. I'd like to believe that, but I doubt it. It seemed terribly real to me.
CHARLEY: So we're trapped here. No way off this planet.
DOCTOR: I hope that isn't so, Charley. I really do.

GARFOLT: You're doing well, C'Rizz. We've almost completely erased those guilt clusters.
C'RIZZ: (hoarse) Oh good.
GARFOLT: Now, I must finish bleaching out all those awful Lucidian beliefs.
C'RIZZ: But I can think so much clearer now. I know my own mind, I do, and I'm fine. I'm cured.
GARFOLT: I think not.
C'RIZZ: Honestly.
GARFOLT: No. You cannot lie to the probe. I can see that some of your thoughts are still closed off to me. You must open up.
C'RIZZ: Look, my head's aching.
GARFOLT: Slight neural bruising is unavoidable with the probe, I'm afraid.
C'RIZZ: Oh.
GARFOLT: But surely a healthy brain is worth a few recurring headaches.
C'RIZZ: Look, can't we just stop for a while? I'm so tired.
GARFOLT: No. The moment we stop, any residual beliefs will start to spread

through your mind like spores. Now, open your mind wide.
C'RIZZ: I daren't. It's, it's dangerous.
GARFOLT: Believe me, you are in no danger. I'm going to increase the power of the probe.
C'RIZZ: No, you mustn't. It's not safe. Ah! Ah!
GARFOLT: That's it. Open up. Ah now, this *is* interesting. There's a patch here that I just don't recognise. It's quite bright. Now, you see, I don't think that should be there.
C'RIZZ: What, what do you mean? Ah! Oh!
GARFOLT: Good lords. Let me just see if I can. (energy crackle) Argh! No! It's in my mind! Argh! What is it?
C'RIZZ: (calm) It is Miraculite, and it is here to save us all.

[Part Four]

GARFOLT: You must close your mind.
C'RIZZ: No, it's too late now.
GARFOLT: I'm unplugging all the equipment, but it isn't making any difference. Where's the energy coming from?
C'RIZZ: I am Miraculite, and all shall live in me.
(Energy crackles. Garfolt screams. Miraculite speaks in time with C'Rizz.)
C'RIZZ: I must leave you now. There is much to be done before the final harvest.
GARFOLT: C'Rizz!

CHARLEY: Not that way, Doctor. There's more sleep rioters down there.
DOCTOR: They're not rioters, Charley. Look, they've got luggage. You don't bring a change of clothes to a riot. Hello there! What are you up to? Is this some kind of exodus?
SERENDIPITIST: Yes, that's exactly what it is.
DOCTOR: I remember you. You're a Serendipitist.
SERENDIPITIST: Whoops be praised. Meeting you is a happy accident, Doctor. You must come with us, leave this place.
DOCTOR: Thank you, but we're going to stick around.
CHARLEY: Why are you leaving? Because of the Lucidians?
SERENDIPITIST: Of course. We must all flee if our religions are going to survive. We can't remain here.
CHARLEY: No, you should stay. Make a stand for your faiths. Don't let them be swamped. Fight for a renaissance.
SERENDIPITIST: Renaissance is futile. We must hurry.
DOCTOR: You must do what you think is right.
SERENDIPITIST: Goodbye, Doctor. May your way be strewn with obstacles.
DOCTOR: It invariably is.
CHARLEY: Well, I think they're being very cowardly.
DOCTOR: No, Charley, they've lost all confidence in themselves. Whatever Miraculite is, it has the power to worm its way into your mind. We both felt it when we arrived. It breeds self-doubt and self-loathing, depression and confusion. C'Rizz was already in turmoil and it pushed him over the edge.
CHARLEY: And the more confused and depressed someone is, the more susceptible they are to being sucked into a lunatic cult.
DOCTOR: Exactly. And we all know exactly what happens when the lunatic cult becomes the new orthodoxy.

(Beep.)
ASSISTANT [OC]: Director Garfolt to see you, madam.
(Door opens.)
BORDINAN: Do come in, Garfolt.
(Door closes.)
GARFOLT: (child-like) I walked here all on my own.

BORDINAN: Garfolt? Is something the matter? What's happened?
GARFOLT: I was working, bleaching a patient's mind, but.
BORDINAN: What?
GARFOLT: They bleached me. (suppressed giggles.)
BORDINAN: Good lords! Which patient was this?
GARFOLT: Cary, Carig. I've forgotten how to say it.
BORDINAN: C'Rizz?
GARFOLT: That's him. He's gone now.
BORDINAN: Gone? Where?
GARFOLT: He was very bright. He pulled a diamond out of my head!
BORDINAN: I er, I see.
(Beep.)
ASSISTANT [OC]: Yes, Bordinan?
BORDINAN: Director Garfolt needs taking care of. Can you arrange for him to be escorted home?
ASSISTANT [OC]: Not immediately, madam. We're severely understaffed.
BORDINAN: Oh?
ASSISTANT [OC]: Most of our people just haven't turned up. I imagine they've joined Laan Carder, madam.
BORDINAN: I see. More conversions, eh?
ASSISTANT [OC]: It really does look like the Lucidians have got the upper hand, madam.
BORDINAN: Never!
ASSISTANT [OC]: There's just so many of them now, madam. So many Lucidians. So much Lucidity.
BORDINAN: What!
ASSISTANT [OC]: So much Lucidity. So much Lucidity.
GARFOLT: So much Lucidity. (giggles)
BORDINAN: Enough. This cannot be allowed to continue.

DOCTOR: Right, Charley, here's the plan. I'm going to the Central Office. I have to convince the Bordinan to take action. You collect C'Rizz from the Defaith Centre then meet me in Central Office.
CHARLEY: Good idea. I'll feel a lot more secure when we're all together again.
DOCTOR: I should never have left him there in the first place. It's Miraculite clouding my judgment.
CHARLEY: Er, Doctor?
DOCTOR: What?
CHARLEY: We can cancel my trip to the Defaith Centre. Look over there, on that little platform.
DOCTOR: It's C'Rizz. He's preaching.
CHARLEY: He's drummed up quite a crowd.
C'RIZZ: I exhort you to visit the Twenty Third Church of Lucidity.
DOCTOR: Oh, and why would we want to do that?
C'RIZZ: Because it is the one true way.
DOCTOR: Nonsense. The very idea of a one true way is farcical.
CHARLEY: Yeah, it's rubbish.
DOCTOR: Yes, there's a multitude of ways. For a start you could turn round and go back the way you came.
C'RIZZ: You are wrong, my friend. Once you have seen the light
CHARLEY: My friend?
C'RIZZ: There can be no turning back.
CHARLEY: I don't think he even recognises us.
DOCTOR: I don't think he's even aware of what he's doing. I think C'Rizz is just being used as a conduit.
C'RIZZ: Disciples of Lucidity shall have eternal
DOCTOR: Have their minds drained so they stagger around like brainless zombies?
C'RIZZ: What?
CHARLEY: C'Rizz! Hey, C'Rizz!

C'RIZZ: What? Who's that?
DOCTOR: Try and remember.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, it's us.
C'RIZZ: Who? Who are you?
CHARLEY: It's Charley. Charlotte? Charlotte and the Doctor. Remember?
C'RIZZ: I can't quite
MAN: What's wrong with you? I thought you had all the answers.
C'RIZZ: I did. I do. I do. I
DOCTOR: They're getting restless, Charley. We'd better get him away from here.
CHARLEY: Excuse us.
DOCTOR: Come along, C'Rizz. We need to go and have a little chin-wag.
C'RIZZ: Where do I know you people from?
MAN: Hey, what are you doing?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid the one true way turned out to be a dead end. This gathering is over. Thank you so much for coming.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, you'll be safe with us. Come on.
DOCTOR: Please feel free to disperse, thank you. Come this way. That's it, C'Rizz, hurry.
MAN: What's going on? We were listening to him.
DOCTOR: Goodbye.

JEBDAL: Greetings, Master.
CARDER: Ah, Jebdal. Awaiting my return? Do you not have more important duties? I have much news. Miraculite has spoken unto me. This evening shall see the final harvest. You know the role you must play.
JEBDAL: Some people were here.
CARDER: More converts?
JEBDAL: No. No, they asked questions, questioned everything. I've never seen such resistance to the one true way.
CARDER: In the end all shall come.
JEBDAL: They were worried about the dreamers.
CARDER: When they take their place in the Hall, all their worries will be quelled.
JEBDAL: One called himself the Doctor.
CARDER: The Doctor!
JEBDAL: He was so full of doubts that he made me doubt. I'm sure he'll come back.
CARDER: Good. When he does, show him directly into the Lucidity Accumulator. Now, don't worry, Jebdal. You must
JEBDAL: What does happen to the dreamers after they leave here?
CARDER: Their lives become simpler.
JEBDAL: But if the Lucid crystals are so precious, why do we take them *from* the dreamers?
CARDER: The crystals quickly burn out. That's why I take them into the Accumulator, so their energy can be stored.
JEBDAL: Stored for what?
CARDER: Eventually we shall release the Miraculite energy for the good of all. There will be so much Lucidity. (angry) So much Lucidity.
JEBDAL: But why do we take it away from them if we're going to give it back? I don't understand. I've always trusted you implicitly, but now I don't know.
CARDER: Jebdal, you must understand
(Door opens.)
BORDINAN: Ah, Carder. There you are.
(Door closes.)
CARDER: Bordinan. You honour us. I take it you're here to be converted.
BORDINAN: I most certainly am not!
CARDER: Later.
BORDINAN: I come here with a special order.
(Paper rustles.)
BORDINAN: As from now, the Multihaven no longer recognises Lucidianism as

an official religion. All practicing Lucidians are hereby impelled to vacate the city.
JEBDAL: This cannot be.
BORDINAN: It can be, and it is.
CARDER: Bordinan, you're talking about the majority of the population. If the Lucidians left, this place would become a ghost town.
BORDINAN: For a while, perhaps. But others will come.
CARDER: I'm surprised to hear the magnanimous Bordinan is prepared to exile my people.
BORDINAN: Your people? Ha! Lucidianism isn't a religion, it's a disease!
CARDER: Behold, Miraculite!
(Faint energy crackling.)
BORDINAN: I've seen your tricks before, Carder. Do you really think you can impress me? I was witnessing miracles before you were even born. I've seen a rushing river turn to stone. I've met a dwarf who towered above me. I've seen a dead man rise up and each a light lunch. So I'm afraid your ball of dream energy just looks like a little bauble.
CARDER: Miraculite heralds the dawning of the age of the Lucidians. You must hand over control of the Multihaven to me.
BORDINAN: Never.
CARDER: Then you leave me no option.
BORDINAN: What's, what's happening?
CARDER + MIRACULITE: So much Lucidity. So much Lucidity.
BORDINAN: No! (screams)
CARDER + MIRACULITE: The Multihaven is ours! Let the final harvest commence.

CHARLEY: Come on, C'Rizz. Not far.
C'RIZZ: Where are we going?
DOCTOR: Well, I had intended we pay a visit to the Bordinan, but seeing as the Central Office is clearly ablaze, perhaps not.
CHARLEY: Oh, I hope the Bordinan isn't inside there.
DOCTOR: Come on, we should head back to the Church of Lucidity.
CHARLEY: Another paddle around in the gastric juices?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid so. But you know something, Charley? I'm rather looking forward to meeting Laan Carder in the flesh.

JEBDAL: But Master, how can it be right to take another's life, to kill the Bordinan?
CARDER: If Miraculite wills it, then it must be so. We cannot deviate from the one true way. Now, Miraculite is calling me. When you have harvested the final crystals, you may enter the Accumulator and bring them to me. Then I shall present you to Miraculite. That's what you want, isn't it?
JEBDAL: Wait.
CARDER: Do as you're bidden! Begin the harvest.
(Door shuts.)
JEBDAL: This is all wrong. I've been such an idiot.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Ah, Jebdal.
JEBDAL: Please, I'm a worm. I beg your forgiveness.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: For what? Please, get up.
JEBDAL: I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
CHARLEY: Sit here, C'Rizz, on the couch.
C'RIZZ: Mmm, yes.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, can you hear me?
C'RIZZ: Er, yes, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Look at my pocket watch. Can you see it?
C'RIZZ: Yes, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Good. Keep looking at it. I'm going to count down from ten, and when I get to nine, you'll be in a deep relaxing sleep. Ten, nine and a half, nine.

There.
JEBDAL: I'm as a worm.
DOCTOR: Say again?
JEBDAL: I'm a worm. I beg your forgiveness.
DOCTOR: No, you're not a worm. I've seen worms. You're not one.
CHARLEY: Forgiveness for what?
JEBDAL: The killing of the Bordinan.
CHARLEY: You killed the Bordinan?
DOCTOR: No, of course she didn't. Did you?
JEBDAL: Not directly, no.
DOCTOR: Of course not. Get up, woman. Come on. So let me guess. Laan Carder killed her.
JEBDAL: My master was possessed by Miraculite. A giant spark shot across to the Bordinan. She just dissolved in the light.
DOCTOR: A sorry loss. The Bordinan was a good woman. Misguided, perhaps, but a woman of noble intentions.
CHARLEY: So where's Carder now?
JEBDAL: In there. The Lucidity Accumulator.
CHARLEY: He's hiding in the wardrobe?
DOCTOR: No, Charley. I think this is some sort of portal. Right, Jebdal, you want to atone for your sins, yes?
JEBDAL: Oh yes.
DOCTOR: Then you will help me.
JEBDAL: I'm through with blindly following leaders. I'll do whatever you ask me without question.
DOCTOR: Er, good. Right, go to the Hall of Dreams, wake up all the disciples. Do it gently, but wake them. Get them out of there. Get them as far away from here as possible.
JEBDAL: You can depend on me, Doctor. I won't let you down.
(Footsteps recede.)
CHARLEY: And what about us? What are we going to do?
DOCTOR: I am going to the Lucidity Accumulator to confront Laan Carder. Don't suppose you fancy staying here and keeping an eye on C'Rizz, do you?
CHARLEY: Not a chance.
DOCTOR: Thought not. Come on, then. There's only a few times like the present.

(Door opens.)
JEBDAL: Now, where to begin. Wake up. Please, wake up.
MAN: Hmm? What is this? I'm asleep.
JEBDAL: Don't be. Come on, wake up. You must.
MAN: Not now.
JEBDAL: This is important. You must wake up.
MAN: Too early in the morning.
JEBDAL: This is useless. Fire. Fire! Fire! Fire!

DOCTOR: This place seems to go on for ever.
CHARLEY: But it can't really, can it. I mean, the Tardis is dimensionally transcendent, but it doesn't go on for ever.
DOCTOR: Don't forget where we are, Charley. In this universe, the laws of transcendental mechanics may be entirely different from those of our own universe. For all we know, this place might have an infinite geography.
CHARLEY: What was that?
DOCTOR: The creaking noise?
CHARLEY: Yes, but what made the creaking noise?
DOCTOR: I couldn't say. Shall we investigate? Just around this corner I think.
CHARLEY: (gasps) It's the Tardis!
DOCTOR: Just when we were talking about her.
CHARLEY: I thought you saw her destroyed.
DOCTOR: I thought I saw her destroyed. So either I did, or I didn't. Perhaps I

didn't.
CHARLEY: Look, the door's ajar. Oh, I am glad to see her in one piece. Come on, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Wait.
CHARLEY: What, you think it's a trap?
DOCTOR: No.
CHARLEY: So what are we waiting for?
DOCTOR: It isn't there, Charley. It's an illusion.
CHARLEY: But
(Knocks on wood.)
CHARLEY: I can feel it, I can hear it.
DOCTOR: No, think, Charley. What do you want more than anything?
CHARLEY: Oh, that's easy. To escape. To break free of this world. Oh. And the only way to do that is in the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Miraculite is merely picking up what's in our minds and amplifying it. Each time we've seen or heard the Tardis, we've been talking about it just moment before. In the streets the Tardis appeared unstable, but in here, where Miraculite is strong, it can create a solid 3D hallucination.
CHARLEY: I know you must be right, but even so, do you think there's be any harm in us looking inside?
DOCTOR: I suppose not. After you.
(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Well, everything looks in order.
DOCTOR: Well, of course. It's exactly how we remember it.
CHARLEY: Why don't we take off?
DOCTOR: Because we can't. It's an illusion.
CHARLEY: I know, I know, but just for, just for the sheer fun of it. Oh, what have we got to lose? Go on, set the coordinates for somewhere nice. Please? Humour me.
DOCTOR: Oh, all right. If it'll make you happy. There.
(Tardis engines.)
CHARLEY: It's working, Doctor! It's going to work!
DOCTOR: Oh ye of too much faith.
CHARLEY: Oh, she just dematerialised around us.
DOCTOR: Of course. And we're back where we started.
(Energy crackles.)
CHARLEY: Doctor.

JEBDAL: Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
MAN: (half asleep) Hmm?
JEBDAL: Fire! You have to evacuate the building.
MAN: Huh? Fire?
JEBDAL: Yes.
MAN: I'll get up in a moment.
JEBDAL: You have to get out now.
MAN: What, right now?
JEBDAL: Yes! Now! It's a hot fire. Come on. Fire! Fire! Fire!

MIRACULITE [OC]: C'Rizz? C'Rizz? Awake C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Oh, where am I?
MIRACULITE [OC]: You are in the offices of the Twenty Third Church of Lucidity.
C'RIZZ: But what am I doing here?
MIRACULITE [OC]: Stand up.
C'RIZZ: How (possessed) How may I be of service?
MIRACULITE [OC]: I shall direct you. Exit this room.
C'RIZZ: So much Lucidity.

CHARLEY: Doctor, when you said we were off to confront Miraculite, I forgot to ask. Did you have a plan?
DOCTOR: Don't ask questions like that, Charley. It's not good for either of our senses of confidence.
CHARLEY: Oh, I see.
CARDER: Greetings, my friends. So much Lucidity.
CHARLEY: My God!
CARDER: You flatter me.
DOCTOR: Hello. This is Charlotte Pollard, and I'm known as the Doctor. And you must be Laan Carder.
CARDER: Surely you don't have to ask, Doctor. Haven't I been in your dreams ever since you arrived in the Multihaven?
DOCTOR: Quite possibly. I seldom remember my dreams.
CARDER: Behold Miraculite.
MIRACULITE: So much Lucidity.
CHARLEY: Ow!
DOCTOR: Cover your eyes, Charley.
CARDER: So much Lucidity. Miraculite came to me in a dream. A beautiful vision I wanted others to experience.
CHARLEY: Spreading the infection.
MIRACULITE: We are constantly seeking more converts so we might harvest their dreams.
CARDER: And the faith might expand.
DOCTOR: You talk as if you're describing some benign divine process.
CARDER: Quite so.
DOCTOR: When you're really sating the vampiric desires of an incorporeal leech!
CARDER: Ah, nonsense. Miraculite is
DOCTOR: I believe Miraculite is what's known as a biverity anomaly quartz. They form in the tiny gaps between two realities, created by the friction of the realities grinding against each other. Somehow this particular biverity anomaly quartz has burst through into this reality. In order to remain stable, it's trying to increase its mass. It seeks out forces similar to those which lead to its creation, and apparently the closest thing to reality friction is the mental activity produced during REM sleep. Somehow the Miraculite converts this activity into a crystalline form it finds easier to assimilate.
MIRACULITE: Almost faultless, Doctor. A wise man indeed. But wisdom will only get you so far.
(Energy zap.)
DOCTOR: Ah! Keep out!
CHARLEY: Doctor, your forehead, it's bulging!
MIRACULITE: This close to me, Doctor, you don't even need to be dreaming.

JEBDAL: I want you to get as far away from here as you can. Head for the northern sector. Oh, come on, the rest of you. Wake up! Fire! Oh, C'Rizz. I thought
MIRACULITE-C'RIZZ: Shh. Do not wake my disciples.
JEBDAL: What? What are you saying? What's wrong with you?
MIRACULITE-C'RIZZ: Harvest them as you have been instructed.
JEBDAL: Oh no, this has gone on long enough. We do as the Doctor says. Fire!
MIRACULITE-C'RIZZ: Harvest them. I order it!
JEBDAL: No.
MIRACULITE-C'RIZZ: Then perhaps I should direct you from the inside.
JEBDAL: What? Ah! No! Oh, keep it out of my mind!
MIRACULITE-C'RIZZ: Then do as I instruct you. See their foreheads open up. Harvest them, Jebdal. Now!

MIRACULITE: Ah, Doctor. I shall favour your Lucid crystal. I know it will contain the dreams of many existences.
DOCTOR: Wait. Laan Carder, tell me. What were you before you converted to

Lucidianism?
CARDER: What?
DOCTOR: Before you came here. Come on, Carder. Try to recall your life before you arrived at the Multihaven.
CARDER: I was a. I, I, I had a. I found the clothing cabinet in a burnt out house. There was a small ball of Miraculite inside. I brought it to the Multihaven.
DOCTOR: But before that. What were you before you converted?
CARDER: I er, I
DOCTOR: Memories not flooding back like they should?
CHARLEY: Doctor, what's wrong with him?
CARDER: I must be able to remember something.
MIRACULITE: Silence! This is an irrelevance. Do not listen to them, Carder.
DOCTOR: There's nothing in there. Nothing. No memories, no past, no you.
CHARLEY: But, what are you saying, Doctor?
DOCTOR: You were fabricated, Carder, made to believe you were real. Miraculite didn't come to you in a dream, you came to it. In a dream.
MIRACULITE: No! You mustn't lose your faith, Carder.
DOCTOR: Miraculite dreamt you up and set you to work.
CARDER: I am Laan Carder. Head of the Twenty Third
DOCTOR: No, you're just another lump of Miraculite energy, created as a bridgehead into this world. Nothing more.
MIRACULITE: Heresy!
CHARLEY: So what's holding him here?
DOCTOR: Belief without proof, Charley. I'd call it self-belief, except you haven't got a self, have you, Carder? Just a belief, and that's fading fast.
CARDER: I exist. I, I must exist.
MIRACULITE: Get a grip on yourself, Carder, for both our sakes.

MIRACULITE-C'RIZZ: Seize them, Jebdal. Harvest the crystals.
JEBDAL: Please reconsider.
MIRACULITE-C'RIZZ: Do it! Argh!
C'RIZZ: Oh, what was that?
JEBDAL: I don't know. Their heads are closing up again.
C'RIZZ: I can feel something fading from my mind.

DOCTOR: You're insubstantial. There's nothing to you.
CARDER: Help me.
DOCTOR: There's no one to help. There is no Laan Carder.
CARDER: I had everything, but I am nothing.
DOCTOR: Cease to exist.
(Carder's scream fades away.)
MIRACULITE: Doctor.
DOCTOR: You have no place in this world.
MIRACULITE: Help me.
(Silence.)
CHARLEY: It's been destroyed, hasn't it?
DOCTOR: No, Charley, you can't destroy energy. It's been redistributed. Without Carder's belief to anchor it, Miraculite couldn't maintain critical mass in this world.
CHARLEY: Doctor.
(Sort of creaking noise.)
DOCTOR: Not sure. Probably not good news.
CHARLEY: The walls, they're closing in.
DOCTOR: The Accumulator's contracting back to its true dimensions.
CHARLEY: We have to find a way out.
DOCTOR: If there's time. Hug me. Come on, hug me. We have to take up as little space as possible.
CHARLEY: Now what?
DOCTOR: We hope the original wardrobe panels reconvene around us. Come on, Charley, have a little faith.

(Charley whimpers.)
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
CHARLEY: (gasping) I think so. I feel like all the air's been forced from my lungs.
DOCTOR: You'll be all right in a moment.
CHARLEY: Doctor, you know you said that Miraculite was a bi
DOCTOR: Biverity anomaly quartz.
CHARLEY: Yes. So what's to stop another one popping through into this reality?
DOCTOR: Well, Charley, I'd say the odds against that happening are extremely remote. Three million to one against.
CHARLEY: Even in this universe?
DOCTOR: Good point. In this universe, who knows what the odds of anything are. I think it's time we came out of the closet, don't you?
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: After you, Charley.
C'RIZZ: Charlotte! Oh, Doctor, you're safe.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, you're safe.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz. Oh, you *are* back to normal, aren't you?
JEBDAL: He's fine. He helped me release the dreamers.
CHARLEY: Good. Aw. So everything's back to how it was.
DOCTOR: Hardly, Charley. The Multihaven's been ravaged by riots and fire. Hundreds of its inhabitants have been left mentally subnormal due to the extraction of their Miraculite energy.
CHARLEY: Right. Of course.
DOCTOR: What about the dreamers who you awoke, C'Rizz? How are they after their nap?
JEBDAL: It's fantastic, Doctor. They seem
DOCTOR: Cleverer? Almost hyper-intelligent?
C'RIZZ: Well, yes, Doctor. As a matter of fact, they are.
DOCTOR: The energy stolen by Miraculite was released back into their minds. They have their own dream energy plus that which had been extracted from the sleep rioters.
C'RIZZ: A society divided into geniuses and simpletons?
JEBDAL: My, a strange state of affairs indeed. The new Bordinan has a difficult task ahead.
DOCTOR: Yes, you have, haven't you.
JEBDAL: Me?
DOCTOR: Yes, you. Why not?
JEBDAL: Bordinan? But I couldn't possibly.
DOCTOR: Course you could. You're honest and determined. You have first hand experience of how things went wrong first time around, and your feelings of failure and guilt will drive you to make amends and forge a better future. Or am I seriously misjudging your character?
JEBDAL: Doctor, I don't think I could. I mean
DOCTOR: Of course you can. Come on, Jebdal. Have a *little* faith.